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SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE...

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS

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CHAPTER XX.
The Professor Sum's Up.
The mayor of Reuton slid into the shadows.
"As I was saying, Mr. Magee," continued the professor, "Mr. Kendrick and I came up here to secure this package of money as evidence against Cargan and—the man above. I speak with the voice of the law when I say you must turn this money over to me."

For an answer Magee smiled at the girl.
"You'd better go now," he said. "It's a long walk down the mountain. You refuse?" cried the professor. "Absolutely. Don't we, Miss Thornton?" said Magee.
"Absolutely," she repeated bravely. "Then, sir," announced the old man crushingly, "you are a little better than a thief, and this girl is your accomplice."

"So it must look on the face of it," assented Magee. The girl moved to the big front door, and Magee, with his eyes still on the room, backed away until he stood beside her. He handed her his key.

"I give you," he said, "to the gods of the mountain. But it's only a key—I shall surely want you back. I can't follow ten feet behind as I threatened. Good night, and good luck." "Bless Magee," she whispered, "you're a faith beyond understanding. I shall tell the gods of the mountain that I am to be returned. Good night, you—dear."

She went out quickly and Magee locked the door after her, thrust the key into his pocket. For a moment no one stirred. Then Mr. Magee leaped up and ran through the flickering light to the nearest window.

There was a flash, a report and Max came back into the firelight examining a torn trousers leg.
"I don't mean to kill anybody," explained Mr. Magee—"just to frighten him. But I'm not an expert—I might shoot higher than I intend—so I suggest that no one else try a break for it."

"Mr. Magee," said Miss Thornton, "I don't believe you have the slightest idea who that girl is nor what she wants with the money."

"That," he replied, "makes it all the more exciting, don't you think?"
"Do you mean," the professor exploded, "you don't know her? Well, you young fool!"

"It's rather fine of you," remarked Miss Thornton.
"It's asinine if it's true," the professor voiced the other side of it.
"I hope every one is quite comfortable," remarked Mr. Magee, selecting a seat facing the crowd. "It's to be a long wait, you know."

In Upper Aqueduct Falls the clock on the old town hall struck 9. Mr. Magee, on guard in Baldpate's dreary office, counted the strokes. She must be halfway down the mountain now. Tonight there will be no need of a troubadour to implore. "Weep No More, My Lady," William Halliwell Magee had removed the cause for tears.

It was a long vigil he had begun, but there was no boredom in it for Mr. Magee. He was too great a lover of contrast for that. As he looked around on the ill assorted group he guarded he compared them to the happier people of the inn's summer nights, about whom the girl had told him. Instead of these surly or sad folk sitting glumly under the pistol of romantic youth he saw mails garbed in the magic of muslin flit through the shadows. Lights glowed softly. A waltz came up from the casino on the breath of the summer breeze. Under the red and white awnings youth and joy and love had their day—or their night. The hermit was on hand with his postal card romance. The trees gossiped in whispers on the mountain. And, too, the rocking chair feet gossiped in whispers on the veranda, pausing only when the admiral called by in his glory. Eagerly it ran down its game. This girl—this Myra Thornton—had remembered, had herself been a victim. After Kendrick disappeared she had come there no more, for there were ugly rumors of the man who had fled. Mr. Magee saw the girl and her long absent lover whispering together in the firelight. He wondered if they, too, imagined themselves at Baldpate in the summer; if they heard the waltz in the casino and the laughter of men in the grill room. Ten o'clock, said the town hall pompously. She was at the station now. In the room of her tears she was waiting—perhaps her only companion the jockey of the "See the World" poster, whose garb was but a shade bluer than her eyes. Who was she? What was the bribe money of the Suburban railway to her? Mr. Magee did not know, but he trusted her, and he was glad she had won through him. He saw Professor Bolton walk through the flickering light half light to join Myra Thornton and Kendrick.

It must be half past now. Yes—from far below in the valley came the whistle of a train. Now—she was boarding it—she and the money—boarding it—for where? For what purpose? Again the train whistled. "The seige," remarked Mr. Magee, "is more than half over, ladies and gentlemen!"
The professor of comparative literature approached him and took a chair at his side.
"I want to talk with you, Mr. Magee," he said.
"A welcome diversion," assented Magee, his eyes still on the room.
"I have discussed matters with Miss Thornton," said the professor in a low voice. "She has convinced me that in this affair you have acted from a wholly disinterested point of view. A mistaken idea of chivalry,



"What you have done is very unfortunate."

situated, as you no doubt know, in the city of the same name. For a long time I have taken a quiet interest in our municipal politics. I have been up in arms—linguistic arms—against this odd character Cargan, who came from the slums to rule us with a rod of iron. Every one knows the name. He is corrupt, that he is wealthy through the sale of privilege; that there is actually a fixed schedule of prices for favors in the way of city ordinances. I have often denounced him to my friends. Since I have met him—well, it is remarkable it is not, the effect of personality on one's opinions? I expected to face a devil, with the usual appurtenances. Instead I have found a human, rather a likeable man."

Mr. Magee smiled over to where the great bulk of Cargan slouched in a chair.
"He's a bully old scout," he remarked.
"Even so," replied the professor. "His high handed career of graft in Reuton must come to a speedy close. He is of a type fast vanishing through the awakening public conscience. And his career will end, I assure you, despite the fact that you, Mr. Magee, have seen fit to send our evidence scurrying through the night at the behest of a chit of a girl. I beg your pardon—I shall continue. Young Drayton, the new county prosecutor, was several years back a favorite pupil of mine. Returning from law school he fell under the spell of the picturesque mayor of Reuton. Cargan liked him and he rose rapidly. Drayton had no thought of ever turning against his benefactor

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY
Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the enlightenment and instruction of the present generation. Having commenced with the year 1868, it is the desire of the editor to present from the records, a truthful and accurate picture of conditions as they were, and to follow the events of the re-construction period, and the doings of the Ku-Klux. All along the editor will keep in mind incidents of personal interest, marriages and deaths of well known people, weather events and general happenings out of the ordinary. In the meantime persons who may desire further information about matters that may have been only briefly mentioned are invited to call at the office of the editor and examine the original records.

THIRTY-NINTH INSTALLMENT
Thursday Morning, August 30, 1869.
—Much excitement, we learn, exists in Talladega, Ala., on account of the discovery of a plot of several Abolitionists to create a servile insurrection. Four white men and eight negroes have been discovered armed in the neighborhood of the town; and, according to the statement of the negroes of the community relative to the wicked plot. Such reports as this are brought to our ears by almost every day's mail. We do not wish to sound any unnecessary alarm; but we are forced to the belief that these vile agitators and anarchists are fantastically and frantically bent upon their foul purposes in sheer madness. Let every man of the south look to his own household, and "keep his powder dry."

Thursday Morning, September 6, 1869.—Death of Allan Harris.—Col. D. Rice returned on Saturday from a visit to the Choctaw nation, bringing with him intelligence of the death of Allan Harris, a well known soldier of the late war. Harris was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. He was a native of Yorkville, and his death was a great loss to the community.

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Although the general health of Charleston was never better, yet one or two cases of yellow fever have occurred in that city. The Mercury writes that a single case of the disease, which had been in declining health for months, and his malady assumed the yellow fever type but a few days before his death. The Mercury thinks there is not the least danger yet; but promises to report faithfully.

Married.—On the 29th of August, by James Jefferys, magistrate, Mr. Jonathan E. McCain and Miss Lucy Ann Chambers, all of this district.

Thursday, September 13, 1869.—A correspondent of the Chester Standard nominates Wade Hampton, Esq., as a candidate for congress in opposition to Hon. W. W. Boyce. One of the arguments used by the writer in favor of Col. Hampton is "that he is in no way tainted with the heresy of secession."

York District Bible Society.—The annual meeting of the York District Bible Society took place at York court house on Thursday, the 9th instant. The president, Rev. J. M. H. Adams, presided, took the chair; and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. A. R. Ross, vice president. The Rev. S. L. Watson, who was selected at the last meeting, delivered an appropriate sermon from the 72d verse of the 119th Psalm: "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

Saved by His Whiskers.—"Long years ago when I was a student, I gathered together a number of the old residents of the plains of western Kansas," said Doctor Moody in the University Kansasian. "One evening while I was in the city of Lawrence, I lay in my bed sleeping. Little did I dream of the impending danger. It was a dark and gloomy night. The wind whistled through the pine trees. The camp fire burned low. My head had not been shaved for weeks and my beautiful brown whiskers reached almost to my belt."

"Suddenly I awoke. I seemed to feel the presence of other human beings in the room. Several minutes passed, but before I had time to move a muscle a huge Sioux warrior flashed his cigar lighter and held the little blue flame not more than three inches from my face.
"My friends, for the first time in my life, I knew the meaning of the word fear. My whiskers fairly quivered. But luckily my life was spared. The Sioux bloodthirsty savage took one glance at my features and whispered to a companion: 'We are fooled. The villain has escaped. Only the hay for his horse remains.'
"My trusty whiskers had saved me. Then and there I resolved never again to clip a single whisker. Can you blame me?"
—Luck has a perverse habit of favoring those who don't depend on it.

of the meeting to be determined by the executive committee and the pastor and session of the church.
It was ordered that the proceedings of the meeting be published in The Yorkville Enquirer. There being no further business before the society, it was closed with prayer by Rev. J. M. Anderson.
J. C. Miller, Secretary.

Meeting at Fort Mills.—Pursuant to notice, a meeting of Fort Mills and its vicinity was held in the academy on Wednesday, the 31st instant. On motion of Mr. John M. White, Benjamin Massey was called to the chair and Butler P. Alston appointed secretary. At the request of the chairman the object of the meeting was duly explained by John M. White.

On motion of Col. A. B. Springs, a committee of seven was appointed to draft resolutions and present them for the consideration of the assembly.
The following gentlemen composed the committee, viz: Col. A. B. Springs, John M. White, B. J. Patterson, J. H. Faulkner, R. M. Miller, John Burns and T. B. Withers. They retired and after a short absence, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the Sikorski machine, which has been invented in Russia, and is now being enacted in Texas, Alabama and elsewhere, should stimulate every southern community to place themselves against any and every violation whatever of their rights of either person or property.

Therefore, be it resolved, That in consideration of the fact that we are impressed with the belief that danger may even now be lurking in our midst, we the citizens of Fort Mills and vicinity, do hereby appoint a committee of vigilance, with a view to detect and examine such persons as may be regarded dangerous and suspicious characters.

Resolved, That the chairman be and is hereby authorized to call the committee together at such time and place as he may deem proper, and to report to the assembly. That each member of said committee shall report to the chairman thereof, every person or persons who shall be suspected of evil; and that upon conviction thereof such person or persons, shall be dealt with in such summary manner as the majority of said committee shall deem most wise for the peace and protection of the community.

In accordance with the first resolution, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee: Robert H. Fulwood, Sr., chairman; Franklin H. Harris, John H. Stewart, Wm. Campbell, A. M. Kee, Isaac Spencer, Joseph Kimbrell, Maj. James Johnston, Benjamin Massey, J. J. Watson, A. Jackson Giles, J. H. Faulkner, F. E. Moore, J. C. Jones, John Bone, R. M. Miller, R. C. Patton, T. N. Feltus, T. B. Withers, John M. White, B. J. Patterson, A. S. White, Col. A. B. Springs, B. J. Patterson, Joseph Nowins.

After it was resolved that the proceedings be published in The Yorkville Enquirer and the Rock Hill Chronicle, on motion, the meeting adjourned.
Benjamin Massey, Chairman.
Butler P. Alston, Secretary.

Public Meeting.—At a meeting of a portion of the citizens of Spartanburg, Union and York districts, held at Limestone Springs on the 6th day of September to consider the propriety of petitioning the next sitting of the legislature for a new judicial district to be taken out of the aforesaid districts, John B. Goudelock was called to the chair, and Col. Wm. Gaffney and A. M. Latham, Esq., were requested to act as secretaries.

On motion it was ordered that a committee consisting of two from each district be appointed to determine boundaries and report at the next meeting, when the following gentlemen were appointed:

York—A. Hardin, Esq., and Col. Wm. W. Gaffney. Hardin, Esq., and Hon. Obadiah Sartt, alternates.
Spartanburg—Capt. D. B. Rose and Wyatt Lipscomb. Williams, Smith and Wm. R. Lipscomb, alternates.
Union—Maj. M. B. Montgomery and Dr. H. Goudelock. Eleazar Parker and James Luchford, alternates.

Moved to adjourn to meet again at Limestone Springs on the 27th instant, and that the papers in Spartanburg, Union and York be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Wm. W. Gaffney,
A. M. Latham,
Secretaries.
(To Be Continued.)

Important Question Overlooked.—Cross-examinations are sometimes too restricted. For instance, one of our railroads was sued for injuries which occurred at a highway crossing one dark night.

The case was tried at the trial and was a darky and testified on the trial coming and also heard a wagon approaching the highway crossing, the railway crossing at right angles. He testified that he grabbed two lanterns, one a red and the other a white lantern, and rushed out on the highway and waved the lanterns frantically, but the driver of the wagon paid no attention and drove upon the railroad track right in front of the engine. The lawyer expressed surprise at the statement and assured the darky he had told a plain, true narrative, and he did not see how the attorney for the plaintiff could have put him in any tight place, and wanted the darky to explain. "I tell you," said the darky, "I was awful scared when he axed me 'bout dem lanterns." "Why," the lawyer asked, "what on earth could there be in that?" You had the lanterns and waved them, and the man paid no attention, but came right along upon the crossing. How could his question scare you? What could he have axed you that you were afraid of?" "Why, sir," the darky said, "spose, 'spose, 'spose, he had axed me if dem lanterns was lit?"—The Docket.

Miscellaneous Reading.

DREADNOUGHT OF THE AIR

Other Aeroplanes Toys Compared With Russian Giant.

The first great dreadnought of the air has been completed in Russia and is making daily flights over St. Petersburg, its four big engines driving two 24-foot propellers that enable the machine to carry 16 persons at a high rate of speed. The whole machine weighs two tons.

The significance of this is in more than that a giant aeroplane has been made. It lies principally in the fact that inventors have apparently overcome one of the arguments of those who said the aeroplane could never be more than a rich man's toy, because it could carry only two or three persons at a time.

All the details of the new machine are not easily obtainable. For a long time the greatest secrecy has been maintained in St. Petersburg by orders, it is believed of the war department. Until recently no pictures of any part of the mechanism were permitted to leave the country. Naturally this mystery has heightened world-wide interest in the dreadnought.

The builder is a Russian named Sikorski. Before the present model was completed, he made a slightly smaller one that carried 11 persons. Announcement of its exploits were received with wild enthusiasm by the Russian people, who believed their nation had outstripped the world in aviation and that it had invented a war machine that would make armies invulnerable.

At its first trial, at its try-out, lifted 11 persons 110 feet in the air and circled them around an airfield at a height of 110 feet. Its four engines made a tremendous roaring.

Encouraged by this success Sikorski went to work immediately upon an even bigger model, in which some of the defects of the first one were to be corrected. It was not only to have seats for 20 persons, but was to have sleeping cabins in which part of its crew might rest while the other half was running the machine.

The new model was even more successful than the first one. It was named the Ilya Mouromets. It had four motors of 100 horsepower each, two in front and two behind. The inventor said that any two of the motors would keep the aeroplane aloft at a fair rate of speed. It is known to have run on three motors while some disorders of the fourth was being repaired by its crew.

Public interest, increased doubtless by the air of secrecy, focused the attention of the whole of St. Petersburg upon the floating car. It is watched by thousands on its almost daily flights over the city. Sikorski has declared he will soon be able to make a 3,000-mile flight from St. Petersburg to Sebastopol, by way of Moscow, with a full quota of 90 passengers.

A special workshop had to be constructed for the manufacture of the parts. Of these, the most remarkable single piece is the propeller. It is 24 feet long—so long, indeed, that it takes seven men, each stretching out his arms until the finger tips touch the fingers of the next man, to measure its length. It weighs 24 pounds and is capable of withstanding a pressure of 2,000 horse power.

In comparison with this machine the biggest aeroplane elsewhere in use is nothing but a toy. The motor of the average American plane has but 40 horse power, while each of the four motors of the Russian dreadnought weighs two and a half times as much. Each wing is 60 feet long, or about three times the length of the average American plane wing. Its total plane surface is about 185 square yards.

The complete independence of each of the motors was shown in a recent flight of Sikorski's airship. As it soared over St. Petersburg one of the engines became frozen and stopped. The pilot, however, did not think of ending the flight just on that account. They calmly thawed out the engine as they flew, and when it was in working order again, started it up as if nothing had happened. This flight lasted more than an hour and a half.

In common with all other European countries Russia is perhaps more interested in the aeroplane as a war machine than any other. Russia is actively increasing its aerial fleet, and is sparing no expense. Only recently the government appropriated \$2,000,000 for building and equipping small aeroplanes. It is regarded as significant elsewhere that its subsidies toward Sikorski's machine have not been made public, but, on the contrary, have been wrapped in all the secrecy that has surrounded other matters relating to the big sky boat.

Germany, France and England are watching the Sikorski experiment with great interest. It is not at all unlikely that France wishes to promote a series of flights between St. Petersburg and Paris, but the German government persistently refuses to allow any alien craft to fly over its territory.

An English expert recently said of Sikorski's aeroplane that it was a matter for the British war department to investigate carefully. It pointed out that 100 such machines could transport 2,000 men quickly to any point in a military emergency. In the wide extent of modern battlefields, usually many miles from the front, such a thing would be of inestimable value. If 2,000 men could be carried, say 60 miles, in a single flight and if a dozen or more flights could be made in a single day, it would mean that a very large military force—enough to decide a battle—could be transported in an incredibly short time.

Outside of any question of transport service, it would be an invaluable aid to mining and sapping operations. A squad of eight or ten men and a store of powerful explosives could be carried. Such a squad might operate far into the enemy's lines, blowing up bridges, mining embankments, destroying food and ammunition stores, and in various other ways harassing an army. One such ship with one such squad, if the men were experts, might in a few hours undo the labor of thousands of men.

Nor would a squad need to suffer serious inconvenience from being absent from its base of supplies. In addition to the cabin and sleeping quarters, the skyboat has a small kitchen and cooking arrangements. Fortified by enough emergency rations to carry them for a few days, the squad could do its work almost at its own leisure.

if it kept the proper lookout as to where it was going. And if any general could achieve the victory of an important campaign through the sacrifice of such a small number of men and equipment, the cost would not be considered excessive.

Outside of the military value, Sikorski's machine, which already has been called a "flying fortress," has industrial possibilities. It can carry 20 men it can carry their equivalent in dead weight. That is, it may be useful both as a carrier of freight and of passengers, once the cost of construction and operation can be reduced to figures which will enable the transportation to be done at a profit. That these problems will be worked out in the not very distant future seems highly probable. Already a St. Petersburg suburban passenger service is being talked of.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

HE FOUGHT WITH WALKER

Perhaps Last Survivor of Nicaragua Campaign Dies in Kansas.

One of a few remaining if not the last survivor of William Walker's historic filibustering expedition into Nicaragua in 1855, died in Topeka, Kansas, on March 15, according to a letter from Topeka. He was W. H. Stuart, a veteran Santa Fe employee and a resident of Topeka for 40 years. He retired from the Santa Fe service on a pension in 1907. His death ended an illness of three weeks. Up to his death Mr. Stuart carried in his left thigh a bullet received while fighting under Walker in Nicaragua.

Tactful, silent and self-contained, Mr. Stuart lived a life time in Topeka with scarcely a hint to any of his friends of the stirring events in his life. Ambitious and adventurous, he was of the stuff that would lead a forlorn hope. At the age of 19 he enlisted in Walker's expedition to Nicaragua, a filibustering expedition that attracted the attention of the world, and particularly of the Latin-American states. William Walker was called "the gray-eyed man of destiny." Prior to his expedition to Nicaragua he had been tried and acquitted in California for a breach of the neutrality laws in seeking to raise a force in the United States for his foray on Nicaragua, or any of the adjoining states that offered him inducements to get up an insurrection or take part in one of them on the borders.

Walker organized his expedition in June, 1855, and went to Nicaragua to engage in a civil war and to raise his power similar to the present Mexican disturbance. He took with him less than 100 followers from the United States, Stuart being one of them. Walker ranged himself against the Nicaraguan government. With his little force he landed at Realengo, where a company of native troops joined him. He fought and won two battles at Rivas and Virgin Bay. Walker attacked and captured the city of Granada in October, 1855. He also had encounters with the forces of Costa Rica and Honduras. He made a treaty with the general commanding his forces, proclaiming himself president, issued unlimited worthless currency and took away the charter of the Vanderbilt Ship company.

Walker was a real president while he lasted. Mr. Stuart declared. He established a navy and showed his power and authority in many things. He was finally defeated and burned Granada. In the spring of 1856 he surrendered with less than 200 followers to Commodore Paulding, then commanding a vessel of the United States navy. Stuart was of this number. The Americans were taken to New York, where they were released on their written parole, in which they promised not to bear arms against the United States until arms against the United States were furnished by the United States.

Stuart went south, and there the Civil War found him. The Confederacy conscripted him into the rebel ranks, but Stuart demanded his release on account of the parole held by him. The president was referred to Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, who authorized his release on parole. Davis respected the parole and Stuart was released and made his way north, coming to Topeka in the early seventies and entering the employ of the Santa Fe, then an infant among railroads.

Stuart was with Walker in all his battles with the government forces of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Honduras, but during his long residence in Topeka, he seldom referred to the adventure of his younger days or of the stir he helped to make all over the United States and Central America almost 60 years ago.

HUMAN PERSONALITY

A Product Not of Brain or Heart, but of the Nervous System.

To Galen is ascribed the belief that the brain was the seat of the rational soul, the heart the location of courage and fear, and the liver that of love. This distribution of the element of personality over the physical body is to be found in the common speech of today, particularly in relation to the popular mind as the source of the more tender emotions. It was chiefly through the anatomists and physiologists of the early renaissance that the modern movement, which has tended to limit personality to the nervous system, was seriously begun, a movement which, with the increase of knowledge, has gained support to such an extent that it can now be maintained beyond any reasonable doubt.

Human personality is in no true sense the outcome of the non-nervous organs, such as the digestive or circulatory organs, but is the direct product of the nervous system. This system, to be sure, is embedded among the other organs of the body, and the environment thus provided influences profoundly its condition and action, but acute or dullness of sense, quickness or slowness of action, temperamental traits, such as a gloomy or bright disposition, incapacity, selfishness, honesty, thriftiness or sweetness, are all, strictly speaking, functions of the nervous organs.

Although only the higher animals can be said to possess personality in this sense, traces of it occur in the lower forms, and its evolution is indissolubly connected with that of the nervous system.—Professor G. H. Parker, in Popular Science Monthly.

NEWSPAPER FAILURES

Always Difficult to Support Two Where One Will Do.

The cost of establishing a newspaper and of successfully conducting it is now becoming so great that few daily newspapers can be established and put on a paying basis without the expenditure of a great deal more money than is usually possessed by the men who aspire to become publishers.

Particularly is this true where the field is already covered by papers already in existence. Some recent illustrations of the futility of trying to maintain newspapers in crowded fields are very pertinent examples of this fact.

Some months ago a new afternoon paper, The Post, was launched in Mobile to compete with the other afternoon paper, The Item, which already covered the field. After what must have been the expenditure of a great deal of money the Post was consolidated with the Item and it leaves the Mobile afternoon field with one newspaper—right where it was before.

A short time ago it was attempted to establish a new paper in Jacksonville. A modern and expensive equipment was installed and the paper was launched with a large force of men to compete with the Metropolis in a field which the Metropolis already adequately filled. The result was the same as with the Mobile case, except the new paper suspended almost immediately.

Previous attempts have also been made in Mobile, in Jacksonville, in Tampa, in Pensacola, in New Orleans and in numerous other cities, but all with the same result—failure.

Attempts by afternoon papers to establish Sunday morning editions have also met with failure. In many of them the failure has been the ultimate result. For years the Memphis News-Scholar, an afternoon paper tried to establish a Sunday morning edition in a field already completely filled by the Memphis Commercial Appeal. As a result the News-Scholar hovered on the brink for years, part of the time being operated by a receiver, and it ultimately was forced to suspend its Sunday paper. The St. Louis Star had an almost similar experience. The Pensacola News put on a Sunday morning edition in a field already covered by the Journal, and after but little more than a year of operation it went the way of similar enterprises.

In New Orleans the Times-Democrat and the Times-Picayune are said to be negotiating a consolidation. These are the two oldest papers in the Crescent City, but the cost of operating two morning papers where one would do just as well, is reason for consolidation.

Nearly every city of any size is strewn with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises which finally had to succumb to the inevitable. In the future the tendency will be to limit and probably reduce the number of papers rather than to establish new ones. The business men of a city do not want more papers where the morning and evening field is adequately covered. The business man can get more for his money by concentrating his advertising in one morning paper and one afternoon paper, and he can get it for less cost, than he can by scattering his ads. In fact, the costliest burden which a business community can bear is a surplus of newspapers.—Pensacola, Fla., Journal.

NOTED SCOUT DEAD

Captain Jeffords, "Blood Brother" of Cochise, Led Stirring Life.

Who has not heard of Geronimo, the Apache, and of that other Apache warrior, renowned for qualities very much like statesmanship as well as for his cunning and fighting prowess? A scout of the Geronimo days, a "blood brother" of old Cochise, he died, according to a Tucson, Arizona dispatch. He was Captain Thomas Jefferson Jeffords and his tall, spare frame, stalwart for so many years, fell at the age of 83.

Captain Jeffords was a genuine Indian fighter. He was the first scout to get through the Apache country of Arizona with messages from the California division of the army to Tucson in 1880. Scouts before him had gone and had never again been heard of. It was afterwards that Captain Jeffords and Cochise, whose stronghold was in a rugged canyon in the Dragoon mountains, south-west of Tucson, went through the ceremony of transfusing blood into each other's veins. Cochise presented the captain with a double-barreled shotgun. He still had it when he died.

It was said by some that only Jeffords knew the location of Cochise's grave somewhere in those same Dragoon Mountains. Either he kept that secret through sentimental loyalty to the old chief, or because he feared what the Indians would do, should he reveal it. After his death, Madame Alice Morjeska, an author and former newspaper woman, whom Jeffords once took into the Cochise stronghold, said that he had shown her the location of the grave. She showed her also that underground passage, miles in length, by which Cochise used to give the United States troopers the slip.

Jeffords died at the Owl's Head mine belonging to Madame Morjeska, about 35 miles west of this city. He had a small ranch there.

His title of captain was acquired on a steamer plying between the Mississippi river to New Orleans. After the Indian wars he was a post trader at Fort Huachuca, near here.

Undoubtedly Genuine.—The mistress observed one morning that her dusky butler was wearing a ring with a setting almost large enough for a beacon light, if it had possessed the proper brilliancy. Later in the day she chanced to hear a conversation between the butler and the maid:

"Am da a genuine dimont yo' is sportin', Jake?" the maid asked, suspicion and hope about equally balanced in her tone.

"Am dis a dimont?" reproachfully. "Does yo' 'spose I'd buy anything else fo' a 'gagemint ring? Huh; dis is a dimont an' it am gold what it sets."

"Ef yo' mean you bought it fo' me, yo' will have to tell de price 'fo' I'll believe 'it's a dimont. I wuz fooled once wid a brass ring, an' I don't mean to be caught again."